PS 3537
.Y53
Copy 1

Copyrighted 1903

Frederick Oakes Sylvester
Saint Louis

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS,
Two Copies Received
FEB 2 1903
Copyright Entry
Jan. 5-1903
CLASS a XXc. No.
49999
COPY B.

PS3537
.Y53

A SONNET is a poet's orchestra,
And he the leader with his wand of rhyme;
Fair words, sweet sounds his great musicians are,—
And faultlessly they follow him in time,—
Now faint and tremulous as breath of Spring
When Winter's frozen tears dissolve in dew,
Now thrilled with soft, melodic strains that bring
Visions of happiness and joy; and through
This harmony a deeper chord of love
Gathers and swells from far off worlds unknown,
Rising in great triumphant waves above,
And culminates in one grand, throbbing tone,
Then dies away, as Summer's blooms depart,
Leaving the Autumn richness in the heart.

NIGHT broods o'er Bethlehem, and faintly far
Among the mountains some lost lamb's lone bleat
The silence breaks, and save one strange, deep star
That shines transcendent, darkness reigns complete.
But look, some light illumines with its gleams
The trembling shepherds and their sheep; it fills
The fields with one vast flood of brilliant beams,
In grand, majestic glory gilds the hills!
Then high o'er head the hosts of angels sing
Paeans of praise. From mount to mount the waves
Of music roll, and all the heavens ring
With joy; earth echoes to its deepest caves.
All hail, all hail to Christ, the Lord, again!
All hail, and peace on earth, good will to men!

I LOOK from out my window o'er the
snow
And see the tall trees towering to the sky,
Their naked branches make a mournful cry
And seem to call to me so far below.
They ask me if the South-wind soon will
blow,
And if the gentle Springtime is not nigh,
Or if I may have seen a robin fly
From that warm clime where he was wont
to go.
Then back I waft the answer from my heart,
"O mighty trees, I, too, await the Spring
And watch with eager eyes the slightest start
Of new-born life and flight of welcome wing.
So let us hope nor with our patience part,
'Twill not be long ere earth's awakening."

IF I could paint and put on canvas all
My dreams of the Madonna's motherhood,
I'd choose the deep, rich tones of some old
wood
Of leafy trees as background, like a wall
Of twilit evergreen, and then let fall
Great, golden beams of radiant light which
should
Illuminate the Christ child's form. One
could
But love His glorious mission to recall.
Tender as tinted cirrus clouds of rose,
I'd touch the virgin's bended head and gild
A halo round her holy brow. Her face
In ecstasy, the rapture should disclose
Of love triumphant, and her eyes be filled
With God's sublime divinity and grace.

IT is the tender twilight's peaceful hour,
Along the river's rim the swallows fly,
Dipping their fleeting wings in skimming by,
Or with ascending flight beyond the tower
Of yonder church try all their wingéd power.
Mounting the very zenith of the sky,
Up, upward higher still they go, so high
The sense of sight seems lost, the eyelids lower.
Then from those heavenly heights on sleeping wings
Slowly, in long, far-reaching sweep descend,
Circling in graceful curves Earth's vernal breast.
When night her host of stars to heaven brings,
Homeward, beyond the valley's loving bend,
They seek the dim old hillside's sheltered nest.

A SENSE of Time and Space and Worlds afar,
Of friendliness of sea and sunlit dome,
Of childhood ripples wandering from home,
Yet never deep enough the scene to mar—
Anon a wave above some hidden bar
Buries in tears the heart that loved to roam,
Then billows headlong plunge into the foam
Battling to win a gleam of Fame's white star—
Thus from the ocean of its birth the soul
Follows the flood-tide's flow and breasts the world.
A moment's rainbow wreath is held by some;
Yet the ebb-tide claims them all in backward roll.
Then one last gleam upon a sail unfurled,—
A sense of Time and Space and Worlds to come.

THIS is the perfect night of perfect June!
The universal harmony sublime,
Is audible. The mighty spheres that climb
The templed heavens and the full-orbed moon
Lead on the starry chorus. Fancy-strewn
With orchestras, the galaxy keeps time,
And rolls, in unison and rythmic rhyme,
One grand, triumphant, million-chorded tune.
It is creation's own Messiah, sung
By nature's countless choristers. The notes
Of Mars and of the plaintive Pleiades,
Now low, and now voluminous, are flung
World wide. The music o'er the mountains floats,
And thrills the bosom of the trembling seas.

FROM cloudless peak of one bald
mountain's dome
I fix my lens, great God, upon Thy stars.
I sweep the paths of mighty planets—Mars,
Huge Jupiter, and Saturn. Yea, I roam
All eagle-eyed above the wind and foam,
Among Thy mammoth orbs! Vast space
unbars
Its doors. I seem, 'mid countless calendars,
To tread the halls of my eternal home.
Far down the deep perspectives of Thy sky
The glorious vision of creation looms!
Intuitive, and like a spirit lens,
Conscious of Thee and Thine infinity,
I feel, I know, unawed by silent tombs,
That Life and Love alone, chant Thine
Amens.

VAST and tremendous, God, doth seem
Thy power!
When all Thy many marvelous works I see,
Myself seems swallowed in immensity.
From mortal thought aloof one little hour
I watch thy wondrous worlds, a mighty shower
Of stars whirl by. Earth in security
Treads her gigantic pathway set by Thee.
Huge by her, Jupiter and Neptune tower.
I glory when I see Thy love to man
And swell my song of praise unto Thy throne.
Made in Thine image, heir to worlds untold,
The consummation of Thy holy plan,
What joy is his! Infinity alone
Shall see the glory of his faith unfold.

THE sonnet came as comes the honey
comb;
A wondrous wealth of nectar-laden cells,
Wherein both Art and Nature's spirit dwells.
Beyond the mountains dim the bee may roam,
Far over seas, above the crested foam,
Or down amid the meadows or the dells;
Yea, through the crowded gates of citadels
May bring the stores of golden sunshine home.
The universe is but a poet's flower,
And 'mid its starry petals manifold,
He seeks eternal treasure for his song.
The heritage of one transcendent hour,
The sonnet doth the hoards of ages hold,
While worlds of busy workers round it throng.

FOR every heaven-aspiring deed and thought,
Vaulting our walls of human hope and trust,
God sends us Truth's great buttress, Spirit wrought,
And with His hand makes Love faith's counter-thrust.

THROUGH all God's Universe of Life
and Light,
His great rose-window, Christ, eternal gleams,
And shining down our mortal nave of night,
Reflects in us a wreath of Love's great beams.

WHO sheathes his sword above a fallen
foe,
And, as a friend, bends o'er his form below,
Stands straighter far than he whose blade
drips blood,
And upright as he struts his proud plumes flow.

THERE is a tool of talent in desire,
Whose edge is sharpened by experience,
Till stroke on stroke begetting confidence,
Man chisels the face of genius out of fire.

I STOOD beside a pool of clearest calm,
Wherein there was reflected earth and sky,
A picture in the water seemed to lie.
And playfully, not meaning any harm,
I threw a pebble there. In swift alarm
The deep, blue tones repeated from on high
All disappeared, and soon the place where I
Had seen the heavens imaged lost its charm.

HUGE is thy keel, and vast thy wealth
of sail,
O man, and infinite thy sweep of sea,
And He who gives thee speed against the gale,
Hollows a harbor with His hand for thee.

GOD'S pinions circle all creation's dome,
Keeping the ancient heavens free from harm,
They cover Earth, and nestle o'er man's home,
And with their feathers keep God's children warm.

WHAT saith the song the South-wind sings
Over the silent seas?
Bringeth it tidings of bud and bloom,
Scent of the jasmine's sweet perfume,
Breath of the orange trees?
Promise of primrose, lay of lark, O this be
the song it brings!

What saith the song the South-wind sings
Over the silent seas?
Bringeth it tidings to me of mine,
Joy of her heart, her soul's sunshine,
Life from her lips, O breeze?
Promise of love from the breast of my dove,
O this be the song it brings!

YOU cannot turn the portals back,
Nor close the doors of Spring,
For I have felt the zephyr's touch
And down the vernal vistas
heard the north-bound blue-bird sing.

You cannot Winter's flag unfurl
Above the storm king's towers,
For I have touched Spring's garment's hem
And o'er the trembling mountains
caught the perfume of the flowers.

LIKE a tinted water color
Is this rainy April day,
Painted by the master artist
With his sober hues of gray.

And the wind his mighty brush is,
And the sea his mixing bowl,
While the earth and sky are paper
Cut from nature's endless roll.

Silvery colors from his palette
Over all the picture go,
Downward, outward, ever onward,
Into every corner flow,

Till the landscape through the shower
Seems a vague, mysterious dream,
And the mist veils all with dimness,
And the grayness reigns supreme.

Then the master with a sunbeam
From some secret source on high,
In one last triumphant blending
Spans a rainbow o'er the sky.

THE wind whispers low
A beautiful song,
Of a land far away o'er the sea,
And borne by the flow
Of billows along
The breeze sings it over to me.

The song of a child
In Bethlehem born,
Of a star that was seen in the sky,
Of a mother who smiled
One glad Christmas morn
On her babe and the angels near by.

Of shepherds who came
To see where he lay,
And a manger his cradle they found.
With praise of his name,
Along the whole way,
They made the wide welkin resound.

Till tales of the birth
Of Jesus, the Lord,
Were wafted far over the sea,
And over the Earth
The Saviour's reward
Of love came to you and to me.

HOW sweet is the scent of the clover
When the drip of the raindrops is over,
And the sun sheds its glow,
O'er the whole world below,
How sweet is the scent of the clover!

How bright is the bloom of the clover
When it sprinkles the sunny slopes over,
And the birds to and fro,
O'er the fragrant fields go,
How bright is the bloom of the clover!

How hope springs to life in the clover,
And the love we once thought was all over
Seems to sing soft and low
Of the sweet long ago,
How hope springs to life in the clover.

O breath, and O bloom of the clover,
O my love, let our love ne'er be over,
As the years come and go,
May it strengthen and grow,
O breath, and O bloom of the clover!

HE was born among the blossoms
Down beside the southern seas,
He was cradled by the zephyrs
'Mid the old magnolia trees.

He was nurtured by the beauty
And the perfume of the flowers,
Like a humming bird sipped nectar
From the orange blossom'd bowers.

Heard in childhood all the music
Of the mocking bird and lark,
And the beautiful, pent passion
Of the nightingale at dark.

Knew the meaning of the liquid
Love-lit language of the birds,
And with tender, touching rythm
Rhymed their melodies with words.

O EVENING STAR, fair Hesperus!
Who bears our babe in sleep from us
Far down the western world of night,
Guide his sweet journey by thy light.
At morning bring him back to us,
O Evening Star, O Hesperus!

FEB. 2 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 009 804 068 7